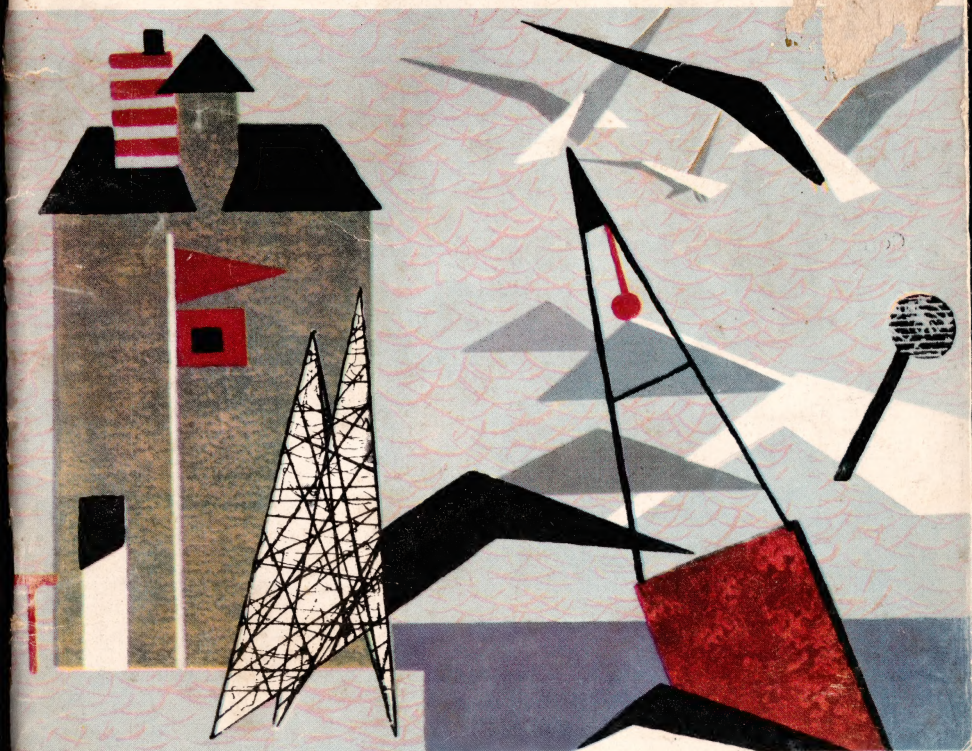
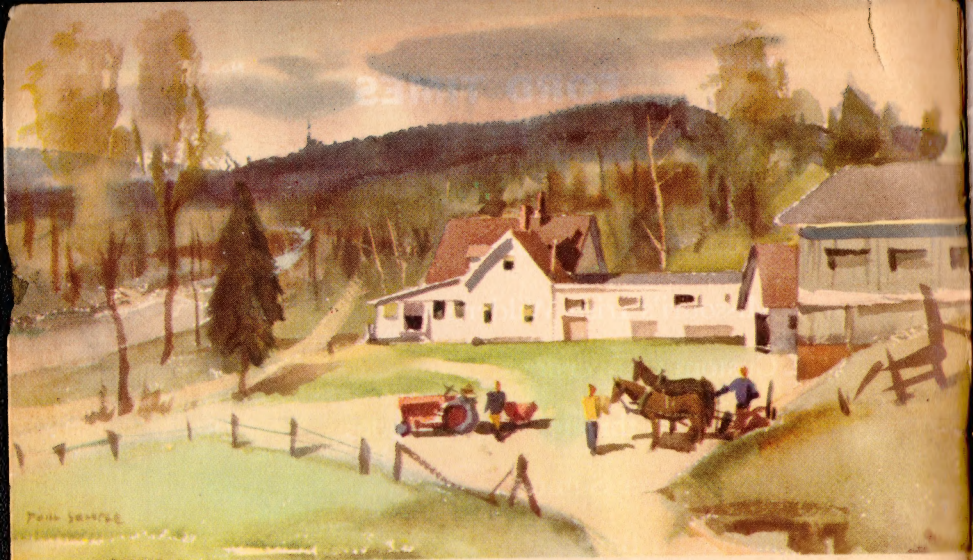


FORD TIMES

june 1952





When Stewart Holbrook looks back to his Tom Sawyer days, he sees the tiny, durable hamlet of Lemington, Vermont. He remembers the Connecticut River, the lumber woods, the grist mill. He lives once more in the house shown above in Paul Sample's watercolor, the old home from which Holbrook, as a boy, set forth on hunting, trapping, and larger adventuring. His Aunt Jen lives here now. The old home has a new barn. And Stewart Holbrook has traveled far in distance, time and achievement. But Lemington is his Tom Sawyer Town. He tells you why on page 2. ■

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My Tom Sawyer Town—

Lemington, Vermont

by Stewart Holbrook

paintings by Paul Sample

FROM the forest lookout station on Monadnock I saw in one panoramic sweep what nobody could have seen when I was a boy. There below me was the town of Lemington, Vermont, entire, complete to the remotest acre on Sims Hill. I had been on this high lonely ridge forty years ago, on snowshoes hunting deer, but there was then no tower amid the spruces. All you could see was trees.

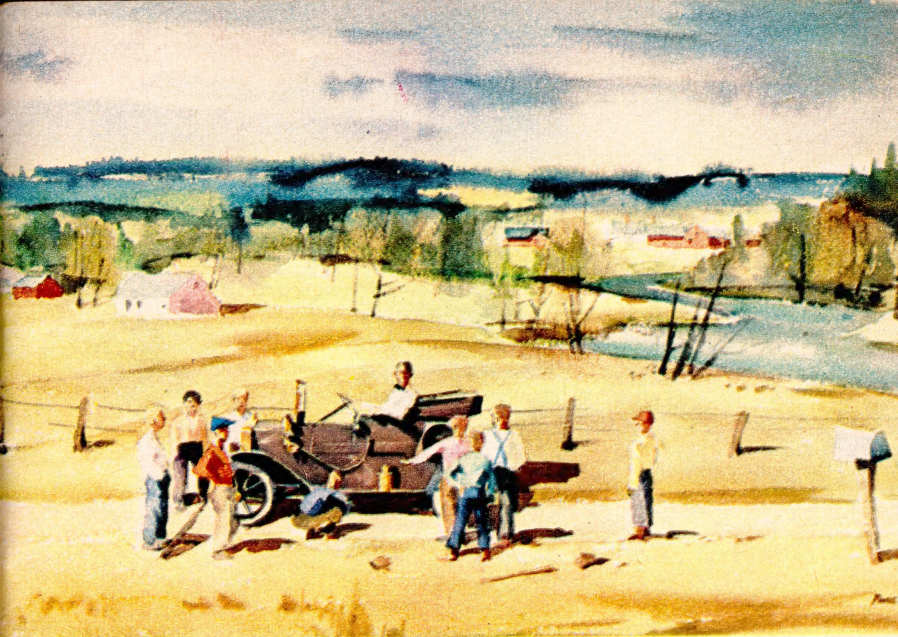
But now I looked and saw ten towns of Vermont and New Hampshire. The dividing line of the Connecticut River appeared like a thread of silver, winding its way in and out around the broad meadows, speeding into white rapids where the pressing hills narrowed its path, then disappearing into the Bailey Woods where, one memorable night in 1909, I missed by inches running into a bear with my Mead bicycle.

Beyond the glinting river a mixed train of the Maine Central was heading north to the end of the line at Beecher Falls. I could see where the tracks crossed the highway in Columbia, the spot where one of my grandfathers was killed long ago in the first grade-crossing accident in northern New Hampshire. That was before I was born, though I recall the awe with which I regarded the old sleigh, torn and splintered by the locomotive and which for reasons I could never fathom rested on a beam in the Holbrook barn.

Looking down from a mountain tends to touch a man with a proprietary interest in what is below him. When I returned to the River Road from Monadnock's height, the feeling was still with me. This was *my* town, no matter the line fences, and now I had seen it whole.

Lemington never had population problems. When I was young it contained 138 persons, less than it had in 1890, more

Columbia Bridge and Bailey's store across Connecticut River→



than it had in 1951. It is a piece of Essex County, described in an 1840 book I cherish as "the wildest portion of Vermont." It still is. Much of Lemington, save for the river meadows, is timber. We kids never wanted to be cowboys or policemen. We planned to be lumberjacks, and when spring came, we could don calked boots and ride the churning logs down-river to the mills at Mount Tom, nigh three hundred miles south, in Massachusetts. Some of us did, too.

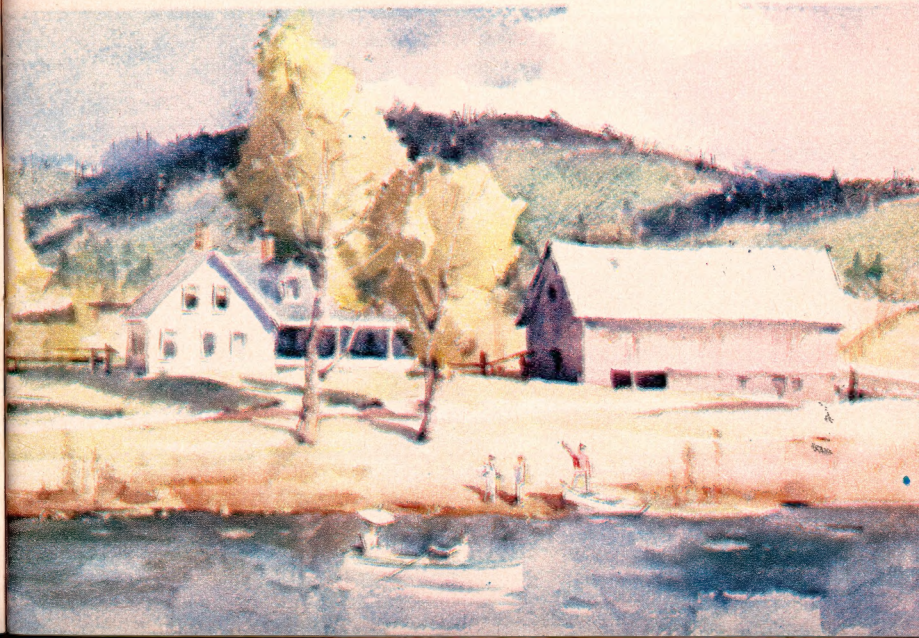
When I went to look at Reed's Flat, on a slope of Monadnock, I was astonished to find a thick forest where in 1915 I had mowed thick grass with a scythe. I was delighted to find spruce gum on many of the trees. We used to collect, clean and sell it for 50 cents a pound. It now brings \$8 in the rough, and around \$12 cleaned, if you can find any. I discovered that its taste had not deteriorated.

Below the Flat, Fred Reed's saw and grist mill had disintegrated and been swallowed by the forest. But I found the remains of its great undershot wheel; and the millpond, though silted, still harbored squaretails in number. What I missed most of all was the combined smell of fresh sawdust and of buckwheat being ground into meal; and I reflected that we have no words to convey the nostalgia of smells, no figures of speech to call up the aroma of newly turned soil or the magic mustiness of an old barn.

There were no sawed timbers in my great-grandfather's barn. All were hewed by hand from great spruces. The boards came from an old muley-saw, an up-and-down affair that left its mark on every board. The barn of my memories was gone. The new barn is more efficient and it smells much like the old one, yet the ventilators of aluminum somehow offended me. I realized, of course, that my feeling was probably due to hardening of the arteries, just as was the case with Old Charles Morrison, Lemington's Civil War veteran. Old Charles, who lived alone in a little house that still stands, wanted nothing new. He damned the horse-powered mowing machines, the steam tractors that were replacing logging horses, and the horseless carriages that often killed one of his chickens.

Charles was the town character of my youth. He hunted, in and out of season, and trapped. He was one of the most convincing and entertaining liars I ever met. His lies were Litera-

Stewart Holbrook's old home—from an 1893 photograph→



ture. No book held me more rapt than listening to Old Charles, sitting smoking his pipe (Master Workman Plug) by his Yankee Notion stove, telling of the time, as a prisoner in Confederate hands, he was taken before General Jubal Early and proceeded to lecture that old soldier on the arts of war. Old Charles had also—said he—been an inmate of Libby prison. As if these marvels were not enough, then consider that Charles Morrison had once, in farthest Missouri, looked upon *Jesse James in the flesh!* When he entertained my Great Uncle Manlius, who always carried in a pocket the very bullet that had hit him at Antietam, it was better than seeing the Kickapoo Indian Medicine show, which came once a year to the Colebrook town hall across the river in New Hampshire.

Mail for Lemington folks came to the little postoffice in the depot store at Columbia Bridge, New Hampshire. The building is now empty, and though a mixed train passes it once a day, it has left no mail since 1905, when the RFD came to Vermont. Columbia bridge itself, however, still spans the river, one of the few authentic wooden covered bridges left in either state. Still in place was a sign: "Walk Your Horse or Pay Two Dollars," and within the bridge were placards announcing the Coos County Agricultural Exposition at Lancaster, and other signs with commands to keep your horse fit with Kendall's Spavin Cure and to buy your farm equipment from Holbrook of Colebrook.

Columbia Bridge depot and store was the social center of folks along both sides of the river. Will Bailey was merchant and station agent, and a sort of interlocutor for the loafers who gathered to watch the 7:15 express pass, and sometimes to stop. We kids liked to put a penny on the rail to be flattened by the Maine Central engine and three coaches; or perhaps a pair of crossed pins, to be processed into the shape of scissors. One notable evening, when there were passengers for the train, Will Bailey allowed me to take the red lantern and hang it outside. It was one of the great events of my life till then, but it was topped not long after when Will *asked* me to put the United States mailbag in its frame. A few minutes later I saw the headlight far across the meadows, gleaming like a bright evening star, then it stabbed the night as clean as a knife, and in a moment out flashed the arm from the mail car to snare

The Maine Central mixed train, heading north→



the bag I'd hung—and what I was sure must be the fastest train in New England pounded by at twenty-five miles an hour.

When the motor age had closed the depot, Lemington people were chagrined that U. S. 3 was laid on the New Hampshire side of the river. They feel hurt no longer. They have come to appreciate the fact that along all of their town's stretch of River Road there is not a dine-dance place, a hotdog or fried chicken joint, or even a sign warning of kidney trouble or of the Last Days. The fine hard dirt road is a highway to the bucolic and beautiful past. I walked much of it and found, praise be, the identical white birch we used to call the Long John Tree, because Farmer John Bell, who stood an even seven feet, had reputedly limbed it from base to top without taking his feet from the ground. The tree stands on a low timbered ridge called the Hogback, and there, on a winter evening, I once heard the far-off cry of a Canadian lynx welling up from the white silence of the Daley Swamp. It was here on the Hogback, too, where I liked to pause in winter, on the way to school, to listen to the hum of the primeval telephone wire, surely one of the loneliest sounds on earth.

Beyond the Hogback is half a mile of straightaway over which our favorite schoolteacher, Walter Harriman, drove his Ford, the first in Lemington, so fast as to create talk all the way from the Canaan to the Bloomfield town lines; and brought Walter a rebuke from the School Board.

Then, at a graceful bend of road and river, stands the place I still call home, a modest white house set beneath stately old elms, fronting a mile sweep of the Connecticut. There is no record that my great-grandfather ever wrote verse, or even read it, yet this site is proof enough for me that he was at heart indeed a poet, a man who wanted a mountain at his back, a long look of river in front.

By the superb elm that stands back of this house, and by a method too complicated to describe here, my brother and I once captured a great horned owl alive, which we sold for five dollars, a sum fit to pay the national debt, to Ernest Harold Baynes, the naturalist of the game refuge at Corbin Park, New Hampshire. My brother and I have always hoped that the great bird, which had a tremendous yet rather soothing voice, served to make the evenings pleasant for President Woodrow Wilson, who soon came to establish the Summer White House at Cornish. The mere thought that it could have happened that way has given us immense satisfaction. ■



photograph by Lou Jacobs, Jr.

Camphor in the Green—

a one-picture story

THE tree shown above is one of the biggest of its kind in the world. It is a camphor tree, native to and common in Central China, Japan, and Formosa, but grown successfully in the warmer parts of California, where it has become a popular shade tree. This one towers majestically above the Ebell Club in Pomona, within a few feet of U.S. 70 and 99.

The tree is sixty-eight years old and sixty-five feet high, with branches reaching out a hundred and fourteen feet from the central trunk. The leaves, when crushed, give off a penetrating odor that repels insects and helps protect the tree from them. When put to commercial use, the tree provides the medically important substance of the same name, a distillate of chopped branches and twigs. ■

MISSOURI'S IRISH WILDERNESS

by Don Cullimore

photographs by Dwight Nichols

Many pet fish in the United States owe a debt of gratitude to the spring country of the Ozark State for their tasty snacks of a favorite aquarium green, the leafy *myriophyllum* moss. This same area offers an out-of-the-way attraction for travelers who enjoy getting off the beaten path to explore a rugged land of hills and hollows, caves and springs.

A WILD and wonderful region known as the Irish Wilderness exists in the southeastern section of Missouri near the Arkansas border. It extends north of the village of Calm for about thirty miles up to U. S. 60 near Van Buren. Nearly five hundred square miles of it are in Clark National Forest. Missouri's last reported black bears are here, and from the region come tales of panthers in their last refuge in that state's midland mountains.

If the thought of bears or panthers doesn't discourage you, you can venture forth through the forest trails of the Wilderness, stopping now and then at an isolated home or country store to ask directions, and you'll reach The Narrows. And at the bottom of them you'll find the young Morgan couple—Buford and Dorothea busy on their spring-water moss farm.

It isn't as difficult to locate as it sounds, for The Narrows



Side view of a john-boat in the pool of Thomason Mill Spring→

is an institution in the Eleven Point River country of the southeastern Missouri Ozarks, and the graveled road to the nearby hamlet of Billmore (one store, one house) is solid and uneventful.

Uneventful, that is, until you negotiate The Narrows itself, a hair-raising, half-mile stretch of one-way rough country lane with a sheer bluff drop of a hundred feet on either side.

At the farther tip of The Narrows, the road dips into a steep but driveable slope that brings a breath of relief as it levels out in a spring-dotted bottom where the cascading Eleven Point swells at its confluence with picturesque Frederick Creek. The waters of all—the spring branches, Frederick Creek and the Eleven Point—are of a rich blue color, for this is a land of underground rivers, and the waters are tinted by the dissolution of minerals in their subterranean limestone channels.

From these springs and their branches the Morgans harvest myriophyllum, a long and delicately-leaved moss much in demand for aquariums. Only the tips are shipped, in moist packaging, and the youthful Morgans fill orders from throughout the nation.

Buford Morgan wades into the stream to harvest the moss. He was a railroad brakeman before the couple purchased the Thomason Mill tract two years ago from a family which had operated it for generations.

Here, you learn, is the acme in production: a crop that requires no planting, no cultivation, and grows the year around unaffected by seasonal temperatures.

“Run out of moss?” laughs attractive Dorothea. “We could never do that. It replenishes itself in three months, and it grows in three springs and more than a mile of spring branches that crisscross our land.”

Two of the springs, Buford explains, are “fair-sized”: Blue Spring with its sixty-four million gallon flow daily, Thomason Mill Spring with thirty-seven million gallons. The third one, Sullivan Spring, is “small” with five million gallons a day—only enough to supply all the needs of a town of 25,000 population.

The blue water boils from the ground and bluffs at an unchanging temperature of 58 degrees, winter and summer. The combined flow chills the waters of the Eleven Point for miles

Buford Morgan, former railroad man, harvests moss in a spring→



downstream, and smallmouth bass, walleyed pike and rainbow trout add to the allurements of a region little known even among Missourians.

If you're of a mind to know more of the Irish Wilderness, you can backtrack over The Narrows—you've got to backtrack, anyhow, it's the only way except by john-boat—and make a lazy crossing of the Eleven Point just below the Morgan place on the Caldwell Cable Ferry. A lazy crossing, because the river does the work, with the ferry tender merely swinging the angle of his barge to direct it to the opposite landing point. The ferry operates by water power, the pressure of the current pushing the barge across while an overhead cable insures that it will strike land on the opposite shore.

The Wilderness is a rugged forest land of hills and hollows and caves and springs—many of the latter larger even than the mighty Blue Spring at the base of The Narrows. And it's an intriguing land; the name itself stems from a broken dream, and its history is that of an isolated tract impervious to destiny.

It was known as the Wilderness even before 1858, when a young priest led forty families of Irish immigrants there to found a self-sufficient colony of their nationality and faith.

For a sanctuary, the setting was superb. To the east lay the bluff-rimmed, tumbling Current River; to the west and south ran the smaller but equally rambunctious Eleven Point; in every direction was a forbidding jumble of ground so rough as to well-nigh bar trespass.

The Civil War broke, and the Irish were betrayed by the very ruggedness on which they had depended for sanctuary. Scavenging bushwhackers, outlawed by North and South alike, found refuge in this treacherous terrain and burned and pillaged amidst the hapless Irish until the settlement was destroyed and its survivors fled, never to return.

The Irish left but two reminders, a name for the Wilderness, and a spot known as "Priest's Field" where the log mission house had stood.

Next came the loggers of the 1880's, then a gold rush at the turn of the century, and finally an iron ore boom in the First World War. None made much of an impression on the wilderness. Towns sprang up, thrived briefly and dwindled to ghost communities, reclaimed by the thicket and accessible only by dim and oft-times untraversable trails.

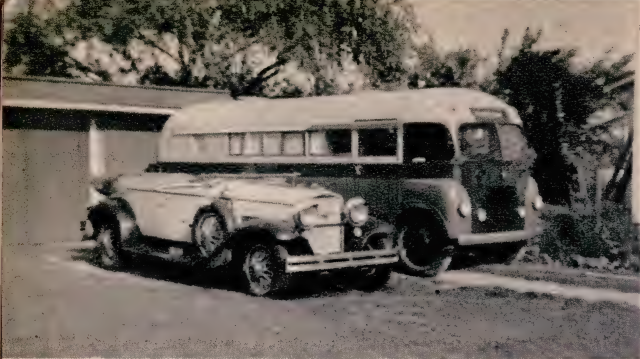
Its grist mills once were legion on the largest springs. Now these, like the ghost towns, stand as abandoned and rotting

monuments to the Irish Wilderness' stubborn determination to remain a wilderness. ■

Needless to say the area isn't bristling with comfortable overnight accommodations or wayside restaurants so motorists who really want to spend a little time exploring the Wilderness will be wise to make arrangements for accommodations nearby so they can spend the whole day on their trek. Tourists stop at Van Buren, Missouri, at the northeastern gateway to the Wilderness, either at the Rose Cliff Hotel, traditional stopping place of conservationists, foresters, writers and float-fishermen, or in one of several tourist courts or resort establishments. Similar accommodations are available at Thayer, Missouri, at the southwestern entry. Four miles south of Van Buren is Big Springs State Park with cabins and camping grounds at the site of the largest fresh-water spring in the nation—a spring capable of supplying water for the entire city of New York.

Caldwell Cable Ferry, operated by water power, crosses the Eleven Point.





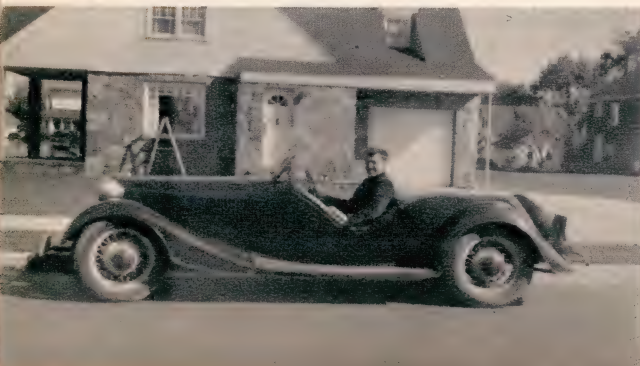
CUSTOM CONVERSIONS

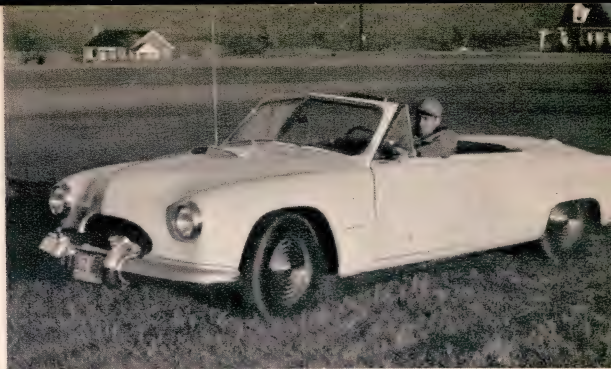
by Melvin Beck

MOST PEOPLE refer to their car as "the family bus," but you can take the expression literally in the case of the Lewis Ruhfs of Lansing, Michigan. Ruhf obtained a 1941 Ford bus chassis, above, equipped with a special cruiser body. Into this went the makings of a complete home on wheels: folding bed, galley, wash basin, water closet, ice box, etc.

The Ruhfs have driven their bus 10,000 miles, with gas mileages as high as sixteen per gallon. Their last trip was to the West Coast, during which, says Mr. Ruhf, "She struggled a little in the mountains."

The low-slung sports car below was built by Carl Pierce of Cortland, New York. Pierce cut down and lowered a 1934 Ford coupe and installed a souped-up 1934 V-8 engine. At the cowl the car is only thirty-eight inches high, yet the road clearance is eight inches. The Pitman arm was lengthened so that the steering wheel travels two full turns from lock to lock





instead of the original four turns.

H. M. Ritchie of New Market, Virginia, bought a wrecked Ford convertible from Moyers Motor Co., Inc., Ford dealers in that town, and converted it into the excellent sports job above. Except for a few external accessories, all new parts used were Ford, including a stock '49 engine, with dual header pipes. One and one-half-inch lowering blocks were used in the rear, and a six-inch section was cut from the center of the body all the way around the car.

The hood, fenders, and front bumper were made as one unit, raised forward from the cowl on hinges at the front. Doors and deck lid open from the inside.

Pictured below is one of the earliest station wagons, built on a 1926 Model T chassis. It is a "wagon" in the true sense of the word, because in those days the chassis had to go to a wagon maker for this new-fangled type of body.

This carefully kept car is owned by Phillip Fagans of Basking Ridge, New Jersey, and takes him to the station from which he commutes to New York City. And it returns him home every night. ■



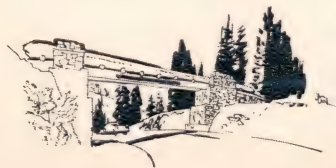


Mile-high hairpin turn

Slow Pass through the Cascades

story and paintings by James E. Peck

FOR seven or eight months of the year Chinook Pass is a pass to natives and hardy travelers only, the barest link between east and west Washington divided by the Cascade Mountains. Surrounded by deep snow, swept by blizzards, the summit of the pass overlooks vast space filled with loneliness that is a little frightening to most of us.



But in late spring a warm wind blows up from the southwest, melting depths of snow within a few hours, transforming this land

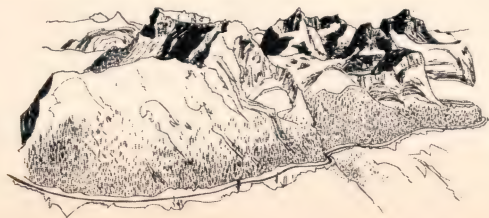
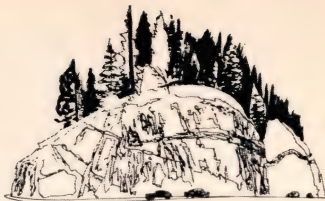
into a wonderful place, one of the most beautiful in the Pacific Northwest. It is the warm wind, rising from the land of the Chinook tribe, near the mouth of the Columbia River, that gives Chinook Pass its name. Spring gives a meaning to the name, and to the place. It is

then a friendly, sunlit spot, with sufficient glamor and warmth to impress the most cynical intruder and to satisfy the traveler who seeks the contentment of this place for a few hours.

Where is it? Spread out a map of the Northwest and put your thumb on the city of Yakima, east of the Cascades. Point your index finger at Enumclaw on the west side. Chinook Pass Highway, U.S. 410, closely follows the curve of your hand joining the two, with the summit, elevation 5,440 feet, about halfway along. It is the highest of the four highway routes through Washington's Cascade Mountains.

Chinook Pass can boast of little history. Even natives of the region confuse it with more historic Naches Pass, twenty miles to the north, once a doorway through the mountains for salmon fishing tribesmen on their way to Puget Sound and the Columbia River. Part of the Chinook Highway was built over an old wagon road used by the gold miners who used to putter around the peaks fifty years or so ago, but the written record goes back unimpressively to 1931 when the eastern boundary of Mount Rainier National Park was outwardly readjusted to include the summit. The present highway was built in the following year and is now maintained as a scenic route for passenger cars only.

If you plan to travel west to the Pacific through the Washington Cascades, you can take your choice of the four passes across the main divide. If you're in a hurry, looking for an





←*U.S. 410 winds to the Pass summit.*

express route, this is not your way. When you take the high road, you take the slow road, and someone else may be in Enumclaw before you.

Climbing west from Yakima into the foothills, you will notice that the desert heat drops away mercifully, for you are driving into the arms of the Master Air Conditioner, the Cascade Range, which divides the state of Washington into two geographical areas: east side desert and west side forests.

About sixty-five miles from Yakima is the summit of the Pass. There are jagged peaks, remains of old lava flows, the deep valley of the American River below, and plenty of room to see the forests *and* the trees. Near at hand are seven hundred species of wildflowers, alpine and glacial varieties (the kind that poke up through the snow) with names like lupine, avalanche and glacial lily, and giant hellebore; and a hundred species of birds in the towering Douglas firs. Beyond mile-high spaces, with forests of fir and hemlock stretched out below, are the Cascades.

As you look around there is one view that predominates—southwest to Mount Rainier. Topographically the mountain is the exclamation point of the whole State of Washington, a roundish mound of snow and glacial ice, 14,408 feet high, marked by whorls and eddies of pressure ridges, gray crevasses, and odd patterns of rock pierced by ice many years ago.

Amid this beauty, and nicely camouflaged by the National Park Service, is the prettiest parking and picnic ground this side of Yakima. On weekends and holidays, we folks living in Washington use it quite a lot, but there's space for many more. The best months are July and August when the sun shines warmest and the world seems most at peace.

There are many trails to invite your strolling. One of these is the famous Crest Trail that follows the western mountain ranges from Canada to Mexico. Too many humans have made the animals snobbish, but beyond the ridges are blacktail deer, elk, mountain goats, whistling marmot and black bear.

Mind you, Chinook Pass summit is only a part of the delights of the area. There are many turn-offs. One, back toward Yakima, goes up the Tieton River to Tieton Dam and thence over White Pass to midwestern Washington. In Rainier National Park are two fine roads which climb Mount Rainier,

←*Mount Rainier rises beyond Tipsoo Lake.*

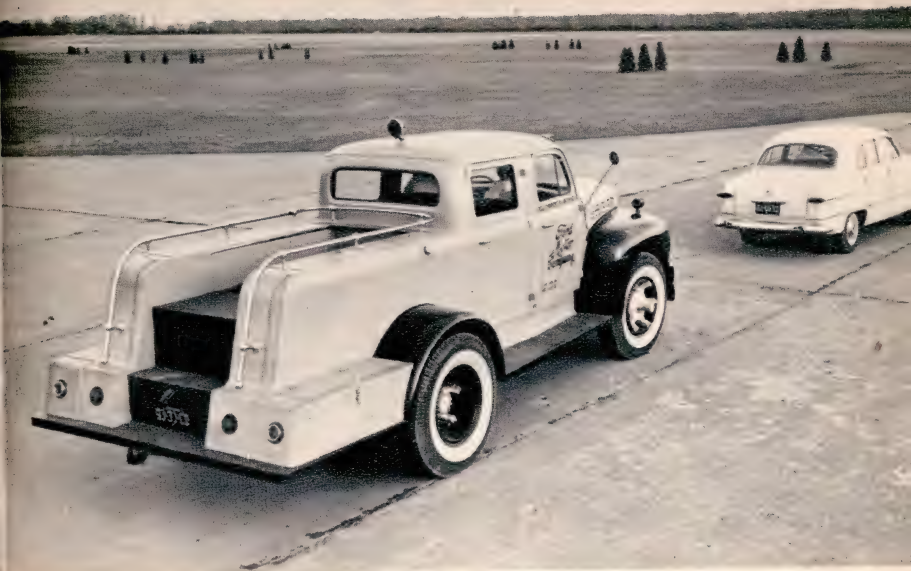
one to Yakima Park on the east side and the other to Paradise Park on the west. A dollar toll admits you to both.

Another road, Ohanapecosh Turnoff, turns southward a few miles west of the summit. It descends with many intriguing bends to Ohanapecosh Hot Springs and campgrounds where you can rent a log cabin for as little as three dollars a night. During the travel season, forest rangers nightly give illustrated talks in the soft glow of the campfire amid the darkened knot of travelers in the audience, walls of enormous trees, and real stars in the ceiling.

Descending from the summit to the west, you will come upon the most magnificent view of Mount Rainier and a journey through the great forests of fir and hemlock. The highway glides through the green canyons, down the western slopes of the Cascades. You must stop once more to peer into this jungle, to walk in, a short way, where you will see and feel the reward for coming into our wide, beautiful country. ■

Old burn stands in the foreground near Chinook Pass.





“Balky” Truck Tests Cars’ Pull

ONE of the many tests going on daily at Ford’s test track in Dearborn, Michigan, is the measuring of a car’s pulling effort, engine power output, and operating temperatures while under actual driving conditions. The instrument used in this test is an air cooled electric brake, mounted on a special F-8 truck known as a dynamometer vehicle. The truck, brake, and related equipment shown above comprise a complete testing unit with a gross weight of 16,500 pounds. This unit is towed by the Ford or competitive vehicle to be tested. The electric brake establishes varying amounts of “drag” that can simulate the gravitational pull encountered on any grade, or can match the difficulties met in driving over the roughest terrain. The dynamometer vehicle is able to absorb 250 horsepower from the towing vehicle ahead, and can slow to a creep the powerful movement of a 20-ton truck. Thus, on a level test track Ford engineers have the equivalent of the world’s steepest and most grueling highways within a stone’s throw of their laboratories.



Wind River Summer

by Mary R. Zimmer

photographs by Carl Arentson

WHEN you first hear about the Bridger Primitive Area in the Wind River Mountains of Wyoming you refuse to believe there can be such a paradise for fishermen and campers. A primitive area is a tract in a national forest set aside to remain forever as it was in the beginning, with no roads, no habitations. Within the Bridger's 383,000 acres there are 1200 lakes and innumerable streams, stocked with trout of different varieties and sizes. It's all public and it's all free—but there are a couple of catches.

The fishing season opens July 1, but only the Arctic equivalent of mad dogs and Englishmen would venture up there that early. Spring comes about July 20, and autumn storms begin early in September. In between, there are two weeks of summer—but which two is anybody's guess. The other catch is that there is no way into the Bridger except the hard way, by horse or on foot, for it occupies a

10,000- to 11,000-foot plateau, snug up against the continental divide.

Last summer Carl Arentson volunteered to take six of us—two from California, two from Pennsylvania, my husband and me from Michigan—into the Bridger for fishing. From his years as a Forest Service supervisor, Carl knows the area like the back of his hand; otherwise a local guide would have been essential. As for timing, we took a chance on the second week in August.

I was the only woman in the party and the only novice at fishing, going along for the ride, as it were. It turned out to be quite a ride. We outfitted and mounted at the Faler Ranch near Pinedale, Wyoming, where the altitude is about 7,175 feet. That first night we made base camp at 10,500 feet. The intervening 3,325 represented eighteen miles of twisting, single-file trail, up and over ridge after ridge. We splashed along the

*Above left: Lunch at Hobbs Lake on the way to Island Lake.
Below left: The base camp on Fremont Creek, at 10,500 feet.*

edges of cliff-shadowed lakes, threaded through spruce forests, and trotted over lofty meadows. When we finally unkinked our knees after six hours in the saddle there was just time enough to pitch tents and get supper cooked and eaten before the clouds settled in and the rain came.

Sitting around the camp fire at breakfast next morning, gratefully warming our backs in the sun, we surveyed our campsite and contemplated the time at our disposal. Our tents were pitched in a vast shallow basin of lush grass that was crisscrossed with rivulets draining laggard snowbanks. Trees were few and puny, but sheltering boulders were plentiful, left by an

accommodating glacier 25,000 years before. In front of us Fremont Creek roared over its rocky bed; behind us there was a tiny pond, handy for dipping dish-water. All around the horizon was a rim of granite peaks.

It had taken a day to pack in, it would take another to pack out. That left us five days in which to fish the dozen or more well-stocked lakes within easy riding distance of camp. Five days (we hoped!) of brilliant sunshine and October-crisp nights. Five days on the roof of the world—or, at least, on the roof of Wyoming. For my money I didn't care if we never caught a fish, as long as we could scamper around in this thin, ex-

Trees were scarce and puny, but boulders were plentiful.



hilarating air, with its ear-caressing silences. But I kept this treason to myself.

Obviously there was no time to lose in the important business of fishing. That morning we set off for Jean Lake. The trail led up and over miscellaneous granite ridges, but mostly up. As we climbed, the trees grew fewer and scrubbier until, near the lake, they were hardly more than a fringe of beard around the larger boulders. Carl defended them. "Some of them have been fighting this weather for two hundred years," he said.

In a few minutes we had a demonstration. Jean Lake lies in a deep granite canyon, dammed at the lower end by a glacial moraine. Its shore, neatly lined with chunks of granite, is ideal for casting. But we had scarcely tied up the horses and rigged up our rods when the blue of the lake turned to gray, and there was a nasty *spat* of hail on rocks. It soon turned to snow and then to rain, but as these changes didn't involve much improvement we started back toward camp. Halfway there the sun came out so we veered over to a neighboring stream and rigged up again. It rained and snowed twice more, but we stuck it out. Crouching in the lee of a huge rock, watching the snow slant against the smooth granite face of the canyon, I wondered about our timing. Had we picked the wrong week?

We got a fair catch that day—rainbows up to seventeen inches,

cutthroats to fourteen. Even I caught one—small, but genuine. We cooked and ate them that night in the tent with the little sheet-iron stove which Carl, fortunately, had insisted on providing. It was still snowing outside. In the warm darkness the men talked happily of fishing Lost Lake and Island Lake and the Cook Lakes. But I was remembering how the purple heather cuddles around the sunny sides of the rocks, on the way to Jean. I hadn't ever expected to see heather in bloom. Next morning the camp was covered with an inch of frozen slush, but it melted quickly.

Each day we tried a new lake, riding upward to where the vegetation was scarce and the lakes austere, or downward to fair-sized stands of Engelmann spruce and rippling trout streams. Our patient horses plodded over hard-packed snow, with water gurgling underneath, and up and down slopes as steep as stairs. And always there were lakes: big ones with names and little ones which Carl dismissed with a contemptuous, "Snow puddle!" But even a snow puddle caused the Californians to gaze long and wistfully. Once I heard them murmur, "Worth a million dollars back in San Diego County!"

Every day we had trout for breakfast and trout for supper. I had reached the point where the ham we'd brought along for emergencies was beginning to look good, when I realized that the



←*At Lost Lake we caught rainbows, cutthroats and brook.*

fishermen in the party were not entirely happy.

The fishing was good, they agreed—excellent, by ordinary standards. But it was not the fabulous kind they'd expected in the Wind Rivers. Apparently there's something about a twelve-a-day limit which makes a fisherman unhappy unless he catches all twelve every day. Something was wrong somewhere. There was a tacit suspicion that it might be our timing.

"Tell you what," said Carl, brightening the general gloom, "we'll go over to Elbow Lake and try for golden."

We rode longer and farther that day, and higher. We crossed a vast granite basin where the wind tore at our clothing and where the glacier had left boulders piled on boulders, and not much else. Lunch was a mere re-fueling, a few moments' respite from the saddle. Finally we reached an L-shaped expanse of blue water, ruffled by the wind. It looked wickedly deep in its setting of rock and snow, edged with scanty grass. "Perfect for golden!" cried the Californians, and the rest of us took heart, for who should know better than they, in whose state this glamorous trout had first been found?

We spread out around that lake and cast and cast and cast. We cast plugs far toward the center—flatfish and spinners and every-

thing we had. We exhausted the vast repertoire of flies which the Pinedale experts had prescribed. But the golden weren't having any part of it. After the usual interlude of snow and rain, this time embellished with thunder and lightning, we started home.

As we crossed a meadow which was unusually verdant for this altitude, Carl reined his horse and motioned to us to come up silently. There, in a tiny stream, were the golden, looking like enormous gold fish and poised in pairs on the gravelly bottom. This, then, was why we hadn't caught any golden in the lake that was perfect for them, and why so many rainbows and cutthroats had been indifferent to our lures. They were too busy spawning.

Later we tried to piece together a further explanation. Snowfall in the Bridger the previous winter had been 200 per cent of normal. A Forest Service plane, surveying the area on July 1 when the fish are normally all through spawning, had found the lakes still locked with ice. Yet, between the time we packed out and September 1, there was only one day when the high country wasn't wreathed in storm clouds.

Was it spring or was it summer when we were in the Bridger? I don't think anybody really cares. Whatever it was, we had all of it—five days on the roof of the world. ■

←*Packing out, with a last look at the Wind River Range.*



Cimarron Country

by Elizabeth Meitz

photographs by Frank Meitz

THE fifty-seven miles along U. S. 64 between Taos and Cimarron in northern New Mexico are among the state's most scenic and historic. Samples of the scenery are shown opposite: Eagle Nest Lake, with the Sangre de Cristo Range beyond it (*above*) and the Palisades in Cimarron Canyon, where sandstone walls rise abruptly from the road (*below*).

The highway, following the Santa Fe trail, traverses the famous Maxwell grant, obtained by Beaubien and Miranda from the Governor of Mexico in 1841. Lucien B. Maxwell, a trapper, married Beaubien's daughter and founded the nearby town of Cimarron. By 1865 he and his wife were the sole owners of 1,714,765 acres, extending westward to include Eagle Nest Lake and northward across the Colorado border. The Maxwell home was known for its hospitality to travelers on the Santa Fe trail. Famous guests included Buffalo Bill Cody, who organized his Wild West Show in Cimarron, and Kit Carson.

Most of the town's rutted streets are old covered wagon trails. At the height of the westward movement, three thousand covered wagons would travel through in a single season. In the late 1860's came Henri Lambert, by stage from the East. He was a Frenchman renowned for having been chef to President Lincoln, who had hired him away from General Grant. Lambert's St. James Hotel in Cimarron was nearly as famous for the violence that occurred within its walls as for the owner's excellent cooking. The building is still standing.

The Cimarron Country has quieted down, and is now chiefly celebrated as a sports center. Eagle Nest Lake is one of the state's finest for trout, and, in season, there's hunting for deer, bear, mountain lion, small game, wild turkey and geese. The Cimarron Gun Shop is famous throughout the country for its custom loaded shells and its custom work on rifles. ■



The "station," seen from the railroad bridge.

My Favorite Town —

Pointe au Baril

by Barbara C. Woodward

map and paintings by Thomas Woodward

MY FAVORITE TOWN is scarcely a town at all. It is in Georgian Bay, the northeastern bulge of Lake Huron, and is part of Harrison Township, in the county district of Parry Sound, Ontario. It is called Pointe au Baril, which is pronounced "point o' barrel" and is French for "little keg point." The name derives from the lighthouse at its farthest western reach, where the bare rock of the shore rises sharply out of Lake Huron.

As you approach by land, your first glimpse of Pointe au



POINTE
AU BARIL
STATION

POINTE AU BARIL



SMALL MOUTH
BLACK BASS



GEORGIAN
BAY



WILKINSON
BAY

US
HAWANA
BAY

ONE MILE

The lighthouse—seven miles over water from Pointe au Baril→

Baril is "the station." Several nondescript frame buildings cluster around the water—storage for cars, a general store and "groceteria," docks for commercial boats and water taxis, gasoline stations, and an occasional dwelling. Over all towers the Canadian Pacific Railroad bridge. The eye sees nothing "quaint," nothing "historic," but one senses the importance of water in anything he may do here.

To year-round residents—merchants, builders, marine harbor owners, guides and their families, the center of life is here; to the lovers of water and sun who seek Pointe au Baril out in summer it is the hundreds of islands which lie to the west, north, and south—all part of the 30,000 which are scattered from the southern curve of Georgian Bay north-northwest toward Manitoulin and the north channel.

Despite increasing numbers of Canadians and Americans who maintain summer homes in this area or who patronize hotels and lodges on the mainland and on the islands, the appearance of Pointe au Baril has changed little since the early 1900's when a small summer hotel was built on Ojibway Island. The water and the islands seem to limit the way of life of those who venture near them.

To live happily here in summer, one must not only love water, but be willing to submit to it, for it governs everything. There is no quick trip in the station wagon for groceries, but a slow one by boat to "the station" or to one of the islands which has a grocery store—supplied by boat. One communicates with friends by boat. Dependence upon water is one of the chief charms of the place and it leads to adventure, for the moods of the wind and the water are quick to change. There is always the possibility that a freshening wind may keep one overnight on an outlying shoal.

But this possibility tempts rather than frightens. You feel at ease with this inland water. The gleam of pink feldspar and white quartz under breakers is hidden by no barnacle or weed in the inland sea. Champlain made a comment after his first glimpse of this water on a July morning about three and a half centuries ago. To him the Bay was "Mer Douce"—Gentle Sea.

The islands of Georgian Bay are like coastal islands in miniature. Few in the Pointe au Baril area are more than a mile

Ojibway Island postoffice—meeting place for summer people→



square; many of them are less than an acre. The outlying islands are bare slabs of granite, streaked with rose, white, and gold, with an occasional patch of grass or wild flowers thrusting up between crevices of rock—no more than a foothold for terns and herring gulls. Some of them have growths of cedar and white pine.

The beauty of these islands is a fantastic one; prevailing westerly winds blowing year in and year out have wrenched the pine trees into grotesque attitudes. Trees and islands seem constantly blown toward the east, giving an effect of motion even in stillness. Grotesque and timeless these islands are. Of the Indian civilizations which claimed them long ago nothing remains but half-remembered legend. Their only real owners are their countless porcupines, raccoons, weasels, mink and grouse.

Navigation among the islands is a delight in a canoe or a small sailboat, a problem in a fast power boat. The narrow channels among the islands seem often to present a dead end, but as one comes closer they open into other channels, inviting and full of hidden shoals. The fisherman may explore the channels among the outer islands for smallmouth bass, perch, and an occasional muskellunge. The northern pike will come to him invited or not. Just off the islands on "the outside," he has his favorite spots for largemouth bass.

"Shoal-skipping" among the outlying islands in a canoe or in a slow motorboat is a simple pastime which grows stale only to a person of incredible memory. Because the water level of the bay rises and falls over a period of years, there are always unexpected shoals. The visible ones serve as spots for casting or, to the non-fisherman, as diving platform or raft on which to bake in the sun. For a swimmer, "island-hopping," seeing how far it is possible to travel without a boat, is another simple pleasure suggested by the narrow channels and the frequent resting places on the surface or just below it.

Pointe au Baril is essentially for the person who likes water and weather. To the lover of the "summer resort," the islands will not yield their special charm. And this is as it should be, for we approach all havens of leisure with a particular frame of mind, looking for a particular something. Twisted trees, painted rocks, and water make my favorite town. ■

Whitefish nets being dried at home base→



White Foot Foremost

by Burgess H. Scott

paintings by Charles Culver

THE white foot mouse doesn't cut much of a figure in the field of zoölogy.

A full-grown, husky specimen weighs about eight-tenths of an ounce dripping wet, yet few other citizens of the mouse world (est. pop. twenty-five billions) have done more to promote good relations between mice and men.

He lives under the stigma of his black sheep cousin, the house mouse, as all better mice do. But his first invasion of a summer cottage or a winter cabin launches a strange sort of friendship.

Of course the human occupant is exasperated at first signs of White Foot's arrival. There is a gnawed cork flyrod handle, a half-eaten tube of toothpaste, a nibbled box of rice spilled over the kitchen.

If tempers will hold, however, the landlord is quite likely to take an interest in his button-eyed, fawn-over-white tenant. One of

the first things he notes is that White Foot isn't alarmed by man. He flees in terror from his natural forest enemies—the hawks, blue-jays, shrikes, shrews, and owls—but to man he shows only a casual wariness, such as you'd accord the Grand Canyon or the Empire State Building.

White Foot's first chore on moving in with people is to pick out a snug cranny for the new nest. The choice may be a cigar box, an old shoe, or a hunting coat pocket. One observer turned back his bed-clothing to find a white foot family settled for the night. Not too alarmed, the mother mouse scampered away with her four tiny young still suckling.

Once the nest site is selected, White Foot roams the house to find the lining, which quite probably will be bits of cloth, cotton, Kleenex, and string. Settled down and comfortable, White Foot then begins making his living in the



C. B. 10 75



C. B. 10 75

pantry. As he doesn't hibernate, the mouse must hoard for the winter as well as have his daily food.

White Foot immediately stuffs his cheek pouches with any grub he finds loose and begins to lay it away against winter. His cache may be a hole in the baseboard or a crack in the floor. Sometimes his choice is the dark corner of an abandoned drawer. There is on record the case of one white foot whose long-term scroungings had been patiently poked through the triangular opening of an empty beer can.

In his spare time White Foot has the bad habit of gnawing, as one host discovered on looking at his fine set of Shakespeare. The mouse had neatly nibbled the genuine leather covers of *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*, and was well into *Othello*.

To his credit is the fact that this rodent has reversed the "better mousetrap" theme. When he comes to the door the house mouse moves out without fuss or fight, as if unable to take the stern gaze of a respectable relative.

His agreeable nature has caused more than one household to tame and cage him where, with others of his kind, White Foot becomes a pet to rival the parakeet. Sooner or later the cage will be blessed with a litter—three to seven—of White Foot's young—helpless, hairless, and about the size of shelled peanuts. As the babies gain their milligrams of weight and

begin to fuzz out, they give an interesting insight into the conduct of forest young.

Cubs, pups, and other offspring of the various predatory animals play at games of biting and scuffling to train themselves for full growth. White Foot's young, having no offensive ability, frolic to sharpen themselves on their only defense: flight and concealment.

The young mice will sit rock-still for a time and then, without warning, the entire litter will jump at the same instant and scurry about the cage. One authority says that this instantaneous reaction follows a signal given by the mouse noting the approach of an enemy. The guard mouse is said to sound this alarm by extending a foot and wriggling the toes furiously, producing a tone audible only to his companions.

White Foot's range is coast to coast, from the far north tree line to the shores of Yucatan. His principal natural foods are seeds and nuts which he frequently must seek on the tips of branches, farther out than the squirrels dare to go. When his vegetable food is sparse, White Foot will dine on snails, small dead animals, or insects.

The mouse's love of the latter was demonstrated forcibly to one naturalist. The man went to bed, leaving out a display board with insect specimens pinned to it. The next morning he found only remnants of his collection. White Foot and his brood, finding the table set, had staged an all-night picnic. ■



photograph by Arthur Griffin

On Cape Breton Island—

a one-picture story

ONE of the rewarding things to do with an automobile during a blue-water summer in the East, is to drive to Nova Scotia and continue northeast to Cape Breton Island.

The picture above was taken near the northern tip of the island, where the coast-hugging Cabot Trail enters Cape Breton Highlands National Park from the southeast side, near Cap Rouge. The scenery is typical—endless vistas of mountain, valley, sea, and sky.

Near Cap Rouge live Acadians, descendants of early French settlers. Farther around the island is a wee bit of Scotland transplanted from the old country. Here the tradition of bagpipes, tartans, kilts and the clan is so strong that it seems as if Bonnie Prince Charlie must be one of the inhabitants. ■

The Dude Ranch Goes East

by Jay Dugan

paintings by Ranulph Bye

THE RIDERS slip through a hole in the morning mist and string out across the ridgetop. All around them a sleepy sun seems to set ten thousand glorious fires in the treetops. Golden yellow oak leaves leap aflame and wild ivy of the richest vermilion winds like a hot torch around stately birches. Bayberries glow like livid coals beside the trail. There's a creak of saddle leather and the scent of chill air.

The trail turns off, winds down the steep slope and the riders stop before the roaring fireplace. Two hours in those Western saddles without breakfast—and what appetites! Hot coffee is handed 'round and wranglers, who have gone ahead of the ride, cook great mounds of buckwheat cakes, scrambled eggs and bacon. The line for "seconds" grows.

Then everyone lolls on the grassy knoll beside the twin waterfalls. A cowboy "rolls his own," then plunks a plaintive strain on his "geetar." The riders mount, punch a new hole in the fog and the bristly swish of the horses' tails follows them up the mountainside.

Whar's all this mountain ridin' bein' done? In the Sierras or the Tetons, in Arizona, Texas or Wyoming?

Could be, but it ain't. The mountains are the Poconos of Pennsylvania. The riders are Easterners, dudes from the concrete canyons of New York, Philadelphia or Washington. Three hours after they slip out of their desk chair saddles they're deep in a transplanted Western atmosphere so authentic that even the imported Montana cowboys don't get homesick.

Take Twin Pine Ranch, for example. It's a gen-u-wine chunk of the old West draped across the slope of Mount Camelback near Stroudsburg, just a lasso-length from Manhattan. It's Col-



orado without coyotes, a place where a guy can play cowboy and still be within driving distance of the office mail. It has fine horses, two hundred miles of mountain trails, square dancing and all the accoutrements of ranch life. It's as friendly and informal as an old crank telephone and even the horses say "Howdy."

The horseless side of the Mississippi offers about seventy such ranches where Easterners can make like Hopalong Cassidy. Chambers of Commerce will furnish lists and locations on request. Ranches range in size and accommodations from Westernized farmhouses to the plush Cimarron in New York which has a reconstructed frontier town complete with saloon, dance hall and stage coach. Others, like Hidden Valley and Sun Canyon, stage weekly rodeos complete with rip-snorting broncos and fire-breathing steers.

This spirited life can be lived for about \$75 per week at the average ranch. That includes room and bath, big, outdoor-

type meals and every recreation that a mountain resort can offer—*plus horses*. Rates are generally lower for non-riding members of the family. Most ranches guarantee generous saddle time, and riding is done in guided groups for safety. Guests may ride once a day in summer and twice a day in spring and fall. Veteran dudes prefer these off-seasons when the horses are more spirited and more riding can be done.

Ranch life is relaxing and healthful. It's an up-early, deep-breathing, outdoor existence brimming with the sounds of horses snorting, munching and trotting and the earthy odor of clean stables, wood smoke, pine needles and old leather.

Upon arrival you doff your city duds and your last name and melt into an amiable crowd. You dress as if you owned the place, the ranchier the better. Men will be at home in loose denim shirts and levis. If these are faded and skin-tight, people know you're a dude from 'way back. Ladies wear colorful horsey shirts and either bluejeans or jodhpurs.

The one dude in two who has never—or seldom—ridden gets expert attention. At Twin Pine, Tom Robinson, a fine horseman and host, gives a weekly riding lecture in the corral so fundamental it almost begins with: "Now, this is a horse."

"I'm going to show you the correct way to start, steer and stop a horse," he says, working with his handsome brown gelding named Chubby. Horses, he explains, are like children. They look to their riders for reassurance, for direction. If you signal your commands to them correctly and confidently, they'll obey you.

An air of pleasurable expectancy sweeps through Twin Pine at morning and afternoon saddle-up time. Everyone gathers at the foot of the path by the stable to watch the wranglers tack the horses. Tom carefully matches the rider's ability—and weight—with the disposition and build of the horse. Cowboys double-check the cinch, reins and stirrups, and then the riders mount.

Last month one young man whose riding boots were too long for his foot stood beside his horse for several minutes without moving. A cowboy asked him when he was going to mount. "As soon as this animal gets off my foot," he said calmly.

Not all novices are so composed. One hefty lady whose mount understandably drooled a bit under the strain of carrying her for two hours complained to Tom.

"I never want that horse again," she said. "He spit at me all during the ride."



Beginners take the "slow" ride, an easy-going affair with the horses covering ten miles at a long-gaited walk in two hours. Experienced riders go in another guided group which spikes its trip with brisk canters. So many trails lace the thousands of woodland acres that you'll never retrace your steps.

Favorite among the special trips is the breakfast ride. You're awakened at seven, warmed with coffee and mounted for an exhilarating ride through fascinating, fog-shrouded forest. You eat a hot breakfast on the trail and find yourself ready for the big cooked dinner that's waiting when you return to the ranch at noon.

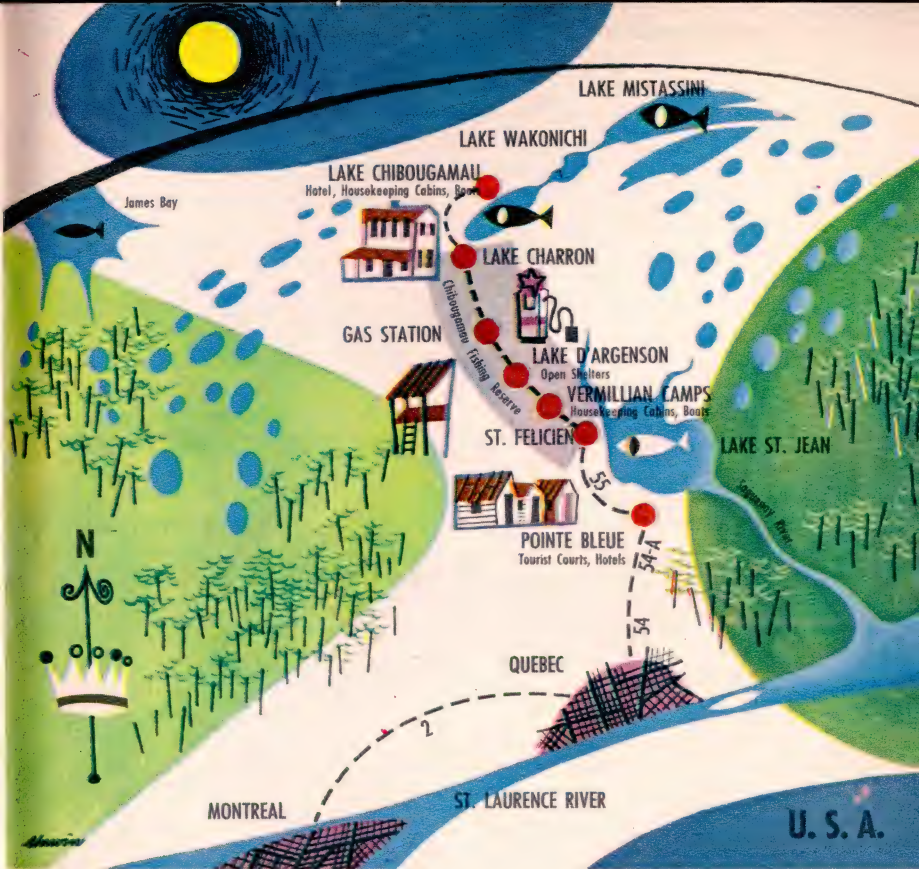
Once a week there's an all-day pack trip. It gets underway at 9:30, stops to feed the horses and dudes beside a mountain lake and covers twenty-odd miles before returning in time for a swim before dinner.

Riding herd on the dudes are colorful cowboys hired as much for their personality and tall-tale-telling as for their talents as horse valets. A dizzy blonde from Pittsburgh summed up the awe in which young city gals hold them when she asked one to "say something in cowboy." When he helped her mount the next day she found herself in full view of all the dudes, sitting backwards on the horse!

For off-horse hours every dude ranch offers plenty of activity. There are swimming, fishing and shooting for those inclined that way and all manner of athletic facilities. Evening entertainment includes costume parties, wiener roasts, square dancing and hay rides.

Just about the only break with ranch tradition at Twin Pine comes at mealtime. Cowboys never had it so good in the mess hall! On Saturday this means delicious charcoal-broiled steaks which one dude described to a friend as being "big as your head and half as thick." The Sunday dinner feature is Virginia fried chicken and hot orange rolls. These latter are lip-licking sweet buns garnished before baking with thick, fresh orange juice, rind and real butter. On Friday Elaine Robinson has the chef trot out her major culinary accomplishment—"shrimp en casserole." This recipe took a national Betty Crocker radio award.

Dude ranching is casual, colorful and practically guaranteed to put you on speaking terms with horses. It affects some people strongly. Witness the greenhorn who returned to Twin Pine the next year on *horseback* all the way from his home in Highland, New York—a matter of 115 miles. ■



New Road to Larger Lake Trout

by John Durant

map by Bruce Unwin

DEEP in Quebec's interior, yet less than a day's canoe trip from a new road, lies one of the

most beautiful and lonely lakes in the world. Wakonichi, the Crees call it, and few white men have

crossed its twenty-four mile expanse. It is island-studded and ringed with mountains, and the dense woods surrounding it have never been cut or burned. No one lives there, no one to marvel at the white sandy beaches, the hidden bays and high cliffs which make up its variegated shoreline. Of the hundreds of uninhabited lakes I have seen from the Arctic to the St. Lawrence I can recall none as beautiful as Wakonichi.

Big Trout on Surface

This was the lake, according to Arthur LaVoie, our head guide who had crossed it years before, where the lake trout were on the surface all summer. If that were true it was one in a million, for lake trout are always on the bottom during the warm months and can be taken only with deep running lures.

To reach Wakonichi you go through Quebec City and then drive north on 54 and 54A through the Laurentian Park to Lake St. John, skirting its western shore to the village of St. Felicien. Here the hard road ends but you continue north over the new gravel highway which passes through the newly opened Chibougamau Fishing Reserve. Some 325 miles above Quebec City the highway ends abruptly in a wall of spruce trees, marking the most northernmost thrust of road on the eastern half of the continent. It is the absolute end of civilization but the beginning of a chain of giant

lakes—Chibougamau, Wakonichi and Mistassini.

Arrangements can be made through the fire rangers stationed on Chibougamau for canoes and guides. Or one can fly from Chibougamau to Mistassini in twenty-five minutes for \$10 a head. Planes ply between the two lakes every few days to bring supplies to the traders on Mistassini. Trader MacLeod is prepared to furnish canoes, camping equipment and guides.

We arrived one day at the head of Wakonichi—my wife and I, LaVoie, two Cree guides and Louis Gagnon, a Quebec sportsman—in two canoes with outboards, having left the new road that morning. When we were half way up the lake our Indian guide stopped the motor near an island at a signal from LaVoie who was in the other canoe. This was the place, LaVoie told us.

A Catch on First Cast

It was almost eight o'clock but the sun was still up and the big lake was completely calm, no evidence at all of any trout on the surface. I was reaching for my bait box when suddenly there was a loud splash between the canoes. Could that have been a loon, I wondered? The Indian shook his head and made a motion with his hand like a fish swimming. A moment later there was no doubt. There was another splash and immediately the whole lake was alive with trout arching out of water like a school of porpoises.

It was unbelievable—lakers on top in mid-July. Hurriedly I threw in a light surface plug and drew it toward me. In an instant a trout hit it hard, showering the water as he vaulted clear. He fought all the way, unlike any lake trout I'd ever known. He came up twice, ran deep shaking his head like a terrier and then surfaced again. It took a long time to bring him in although he weighed only three and a half pounds.

Fly Rod Action

Now Gagnon had his inning. Using a five-ounce flyrod with a streamer he got one after another, all on the surface. Every one broke clear and fought furiously. His largest weighed eight pounds. We agreed afterwards that lakers taken on light tackle are a hundred per cent gamer than brook trout or bass.

Why are they on top in mid-summer on Wakonichi and nowhere else? Possibly because there are no deep-water fish such as smelts or whitefish for them to prey on and they are forced to feed on surface-swimming minnows. We could only guess but there was no doubt about one thing—that lake trout on top are not to be compared with those taken deep down. They are a different breed entirely.

Reluctantly we left next morning for Lake Mistassini, half a day away. This giant lake, Quebec's largest, is 100 miles long and, like Wakonichi, has never really

been fished. So I was told, at any rate, by the only two white men who live on it—"Jeff" Jeffries, manager of the Hudson's Bay Company Post, and Emmet MacLeod, an independent trader. It was blowing too hard to risk fishing the lake the one afternoon we were there. But we saw fish, huge lake trout and northern pike, drying on racks in the Indian village at the post.

The seven hundred Crees who live there during the summer are among the most primitive on the continent and their village is the largest in the Quebec interior. MacLeod told me that he has seen the Crees net lake trout that went over 100 pounds. To my reminder that the world record was 63 pounds, he said that he weighed one himself that scaled 104 pounds and had seen some larger than that. And on the other side of the lake, said MacLeod, he had caught brook trout averaging six pounds on almost every cast. Hard to swallow, yet Jeffries, whom I queried on the side, verified the story about the 100-pound-plus lakers and added that he'd seen brookies netted by the Crees that went well over eight pounds. It was enough to make an angler lose his mind.

Yours to Explore

There's no telling what might turn up in that fascinating country, as yet virtually unexplored and unfished. The new road will enable sportsmen to find out at last. ■



Moab and the Movies

story and photographs by Willard Luce

MOAB is rapidly becoming Utah's newest movie capital. Last year Universal filmed *The Battle of Apache Pass* in the region; earlier, *Wagon Master* and *Rio Grande* were made there by other companies. The reason is obvious to anyone who has passed that way: Moab's brand of scenery is exactly what the movie-goer wants to see in his horse-operas.

Situated where the Old Spanish Trail crosses the Colorado River, the town is an island of green fields and orchards, contrasting sharply with the red sandstone ledges that crowd it on three sides, and the golden immensity of the surrounding desert. Huge cottonwoods shade the streams, and many of the streets are lined with mulberry trees, planted long ago to further a hoped-for silk industry.

"You have everything here!" declared George Sherman, director of *Apache Pass*, when his company was on location near Moab. "Wonderful rock formations—canyons—mountains—rivers—sand dunes—everything!"

Moab took this paean in its stride. L. L. ("Bish") Taylor, editor and publisher of the *Moab Times Independent* and tireless booster of the scenic wonders of southeastern Utah, always nods in agreement when somebody quotes Sherman. "It's not hard to sell the tourist if you can get him here," says Bish, "and now that Hollywood's here, Hollywood's sold. But sometimes it's pretty hard to sell our own people."

Doubtless Moab citizens are too busy with their own pursuits to bother their heads with tourists and movie companies. The surrounding deserts and the La Sal (Spanish, "salt") Mountains to the east furnish grazing for large herds of sheep and cattle. Quantities of excellent fruits and vegetables are produced under irrigation. Extensive oil drilling is in progress, and recently many people have gone in for uranium prospecting.

Besides, Moab is accustomed to isolation and not much concerned with the goings-on of the outside world. It wasn't until 1912 that a bridge was completed across the Colorado,

←At the Narrows, Onion Canyon is ten feet wide and 400 feet high.



←*Delicate Arch is known to cowboys as "The Schoolmarm's Pants."*

linking this area to the rest of Utah. Even now the nearest neighboring town is sixty miles away. Moab is the seat of Grand County, and has the county's only high school and its only business district worth mentioning.

But the publicity resulting from local movie-making, and the improved roads brought about by uranium and vanadium mining, are bound to fulfill Bish Taylor's dream of opening up the natural wonders of southeastern Utah to an appreciative traveling public. Willy-nilly, Moab is going to cash in on its scenic bonanza.

At present its best-known attraction is "The Arches," a few miles north on U. S. Highway 160. Though the area has been a national monument since 1929, much of it is still unexplored. It includes eighty-eight "rocks with holes in 'em," as the arches are sometimes referred to locally. Biggest of all is the Landscape Arch—118 feet high. One of the most awe-inspiring is the Delicate Arch, so named because from a distance it appears tiny and dainty on the skyline of a thousand-foot cliff of Navajo sandstone. Irreverent cowboys have dubbed it the "Schoolmarm's Pants."

An entirely different sort of scenery is found at Dead Horse Point which overlooks the Utah's Grand Canyon of the Colorado River. It's only fifteen air miles from Moab, but the surface traveler must wind along for fifty miles, most of it on a dirt road through stands of piñon pine and Utah cedar, interspersed with wide level areas of bunch grass, golden in the sunshine. Suddenly the land drops away into the canyon. Brilliant red walls break in a series of giant steps to the waters of the Colorado River far below. To the east, the land stretches rough and broken to the snow-capped peaks of the La Sals. To the south, the desert extends to the distant Abajo Range.

No one really knows Dead Horse Point until he has spent a night there, watching the shadows of evening push the color from the canyon walls, and the last rays of the sun creep up the La Sals to the peak of Tukuñnikivat—Ute for "place where the sun shines longest"—and until he has felt the empty loneliness of a desert night. There is no water at Dead Horse Point for an overnight stay, but there are fireplaces and plenty of firewood. The point takes its name from a herd of broom-

←*Dead Horse Point offers a superlative view of Utah's Grand Canyon.*



← *A uranium prospector and his son ride through the gate at The Neck.*

tails (wild horses) which died of thirst within sight of the Colorado River just half a mile away—but straight down.

There's another lovely view at "The Neck," not far from Dead Horse Point. Here erosion has left only a narrow stretch of land like the small part of an arrowhead. Drainage to the east is into the Colorado; drainage to the west is into the Green River, and a forty-foot fence completely shuts off forty thousand acres of public domain. A note on the gate pleads, "Don't leave the gate open or the cattle will get out and choke."

To see the canyon country from an entirely different viewpoint, take the Colorado River Drive upriver from Moab. In places the canyon walls recede from the river; elsewhere they crowd in, pushing the road to the water's edge. A road branches southward into Onion Canyon, where Onion Creek flows sparkling and clear—deceptively so, for it contains arsenic and is very poisonous. For over a mile this narrow side chasm twists and turns, before it finally opens out to a series of multi-colored hills known as the Gaudy Garden. Beyond is the Forbidden Valley, at the base of the La Sals, its green fields contrasting with salmon-pink canyon walls.

Back on the Colorado River Drive the road goes another two miles before there is another branch southward, this one leading to Fisher Towers—probably the least known and least appreciated feature of the Moab area. To see them it is necessary to follow a two-mile foot trail which leads along the base of these huge, reddish-purple pinnacles, monoliths, spires and gigantic walls, which rise to a third of a mile in height.

The whole Moab area is a land of strange contrasts, of weird and fantastic color—a land not easily forgotten. But, tourists being as movie-minded as they are, its natural wonders will encounter competition from within. Along the river road, twenty miles from town, is the wall of a stockade used in filming *Rio Grande*. It now serves as a corral fence. Farther on is a Mexican village, complete with mission, used in the same production. People never seem to get tired of looking at them. "Bish" Taylor had better reconcile himself right now to the fact that tourists are likely to come away chattering as enthusiastically about these movie relics as about the Fisher Towers and the Delicate Arch. ■

← *The Fisher Towers, the least known but not least impressive attraction.*



Favorite Recipes of Famous Taverns

Merrymeeting House, Maine

Carrots with Mint Sauce

12-14 medium-size carrots
2 tablespoons cornstarch
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiling water
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
1 teaspoon lemon juice
1 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons butter
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup fresh mint, chopped

Cook carrots in boiling water. While they are cooking prepare sauce by dissolving cornstarch in cold water and adding boiling water. Boil mixture for five minutes. Then add remaining ingredients. Let simmer for about ten

minutes. Strain and pour over drained hot carrots.

Next to the campus of Bowdoin College in Brunswick, the Merrymeeting House features fresh seafood from the nearby coast. Located in one of the town's oldest homes it is open from 9:00 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. every day except Sunday. Closed from December 1 to April 1.

←painting of Merrymeeting House by John P. Reardon

←painting of The Belmont by Alois Fabry, Jr.

The Belmont, Massachusetts

Roast Ham with Cumberland Sauce

Boil a whole ham until tender. Remove from kettle and crisscross fat into diamond shapes with knife. Sprinkle with sugar and ground cloves and bake in 400° oven until glazed brown.

Cumberland Sauce: Mince $\frac{1}{2}$ dozen shallots and put in stewing pan with grated rind of 2 lemons and 2 oranges. Add 1 cup water; cook for 15 minutes. Add juice from the oranges and lemons and 2 quarts of stock, 2 teaspoons mustard, 1 cup port wine, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ground ginger, 1 cup red currant jelly, 2 tablespoons vinegar, salt, pepper and cayenne to taste. Thicken and strain; serve on ham slices.

Chef George Johnson is responsible for the excellent food served at this summer hotel both in the main dining room and the Ocean Grille on the beach pavilion. Breakfast, lunch and dinner served daily; reservations advisable for overnight accommodations. At West Harwich (Cape Cod) it is open from June 26 to September 4.



Wabun, Michigan

Tuna Noodle Casserole

1 can tuna, 13 ounces
1 can fried noodles
1 small onion, sliced thin
1 can mushroom soup
 $\frac{1}{4}$ pound potato chips, crushed
Butter
Pepper

Sauté onion in butter until it is a golden brown. Place half the noodles in a greased casserole dish, spread with layer of onion, tuna fish and mushroom soup. Top with remaining noodles and sprinkle top with pepper and potato chips. Bake in 325° oven for about a half hour or until thick

and brown. Serves four.

This modern resort on the shores of Lake Huron about a mile and a half south of Oscoda on U.S. 23 makes a perfect setting for a summer or fall vacation. Motorists may stop in for breakfast, lunch or dinner and there are complete vacation facilities for those who want to stay. Open May 1 to December 1.

←painting of Wabun by Jean Teague

←painting of Chantecler by John Walsh

Chantecler, Quebec

Tourtière

1½ pounds fresh pork shoulder,
medium ground
2 medium onions, chopped
1 bud garlic, chopped
Salt and pepper, to taste
 $\frac{1}{2}$ bay leaf
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg
1½ tablespoons cinnamon
Pastry (four crusts)

Toss onions lightly in melted butter, then add the meat. Cook slowly on top of stove 2½-3 hours. The meat should not be brown, the pink shade will turn light gray. Add seasonings and mix well. Line pie plates with pastry and fill with meat filling and cover with top crusts. Bake in a medium oven 45 minutes or until pastry is a golden brown. This

makes two 9-inch pies.

One of Canada's most famous resort hotels, the Chantecler offers year-round vacations for the entire family. Breakfast, lunch, afternoon tea and dinner served daily. Reservations advisable at the height of the seasons. It is north of Montreal on Provincial Highway 11 at Ste-Adèle-en-haut.



Mill-Race Inn, Illinois

Fresh Mushrooms and Chicken Livers on Wild Rice

1 cup wild rice
4 cups water
1 pound mushrooms
1 pound chicken livers
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter
4 tablespoons flour
2 cups chicken broth
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sherry

Boil rice briskly in water 30 or 40 minutes. Do not stir. Drain off water and steam until dry and fluffy. Sauté mushrooms and chicken livers in butter. Sprinkle with flour and mix well. Add chicken broth and cook until thickened. Season with salt and pepper. Add sherry. Serve over wild rice.

Attractively located on the Fox River, this restaurant is housed in an interesting old stone structure built in 1837. During the summer, meals are served in the dining rooms as well as on an outdoor terrace and gallery over the mill race. At 4 East State Street in Geneva, it is open for lunch and dinner every day except Monday. Season: April 1 to November 1.

←painting of Mill-Race Inn by Chester Bratten

←painting of Santa Maria by Harry Bonath

Santa Maria Inn, California

Fig Pudding

$\frac{3}{4}$ pound white bread crumbs
 $\frac{1}{2}$ pound butter
 $\frac{1}{2}$ pound sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ pound preserved figs
7 eggs
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon allspice
Vanilla and brandy to taste

Beat egg yolks and add sugar. Add beaten egg whites. Beat well. Add bread crumbs to mixture and vanilla and brandy to taste. Pour into mold and steam four to five hours. Use a hard sauce

for topping.

For 35 years this inn at the half-way point between Los Angeles and San Francisco on U.S. 101 has been a favorite of motorists. It is a comfortable and restful spot for overnight accommodations or to stop for breakfast, lunch or dinner. It is open every day, year around. Reservations advisable.

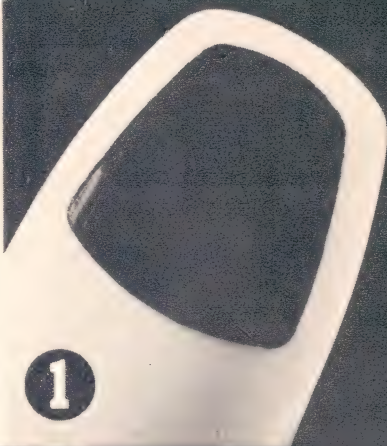
GAME SECTION

What Is It?

If you're a band fan, musician, or work in a music store these photographs should be easier for you to identify. Answers below.

photographs by Stewart Love

-
1. Saxophone mouthpiece
 2. Guitar strings
 3. Scroll of violin
 4. Bass notes on an accordion



Not a fingernail or stockyard pens . . .





... neither a twist roll nor marshmallows



Contributors



Any kind of highway, byway, alley, turnpike or path brings out the artistic best in JAMES E. PECK, who illustrated and wrote the story on Chinook Pass, page 18. "I love to paint," he says, "but I'm nuts about roads. I also lick my chops when I finger maps and think of what to do next summer." Mr. Peck was an advertising illustrator until he was lured into fine arts by a couple of prizes and a Guggenheim Fellowship. He is head of the art department at the Cornish School in Seattle.



The Yankee, at home or abroad (meaning outside New England) has always been a favorite subject with STEWART HOLBROOK. Being one himself, he writes knowingly and warmly of Lemington, Vermont (page 2), and has written similarly of the Yankee wherever the species is found. Among the ten books he has written are "Holy Old Mackinaw," the definitive study of Michigan lumberjacks (who first

came from New England), and "Yankee Exodus," which traces the travels of New Englanders from the East to the Pacific Coast during a century of national expansion. Mr. Holbrook followed the same route, although in a shorter time. Born in Vermont, he now lives in Portland, Oregon, which he reached after many stops on the way. His books and magazine articles have made him famous. A literary critic once described him as "the only ex-lumberjack who ever lectured at Harvard."



TOM and BARBARA WOODWARD, who illustrated and wrote, respectively, the story of their favorite town, Pointe au Baril (page 32), often cooperate to portray their love of the out of doors. Barbara, a native of Melrose, Massachusetts, is a graduate of Radcliffe, Smith, and the University of Michigan, where she got a Ph. D. in English. She taught college for six years in Ohio and is now busy raising three children, writing book reviews, and doing a column to accompany Tom's sketches for their local newspaper, the Ile Camera, of Grosse Ile, Michigan. Tom, a native of Cincinnati, graduated from the University of Wisconsin and has an M.A. from Wayne University, Detroit, where he is on the staff of the Art Department. He spent five years with the Army Engineers, two and a half of them in the European theatre.



IN the Wind River Range of Wyoming, up near the continental divide, spring comes about July 20 and autumn storms begin about September 1. In between, there are two weeks of summer—which two is something you never know till you try. And at timberline, weather makes its own rules, even in summer. This is Jean Lake, one of the twelve hundred well-stocked lakes in the Bridger Primitive Area high in the Wind Rivers. The photograph was taken on the eighth of August last year. Ten minutes after it was snapped, those black clouds spilled their load. Down on the hapless fishing party poured hail, snow and rain, in that order. They consoled themselves, however, by catching rainbows, cutthroats, brook, and—almost—golden. Photograph by Carl Arentson for “Wind River Summer,” by Mary R. Zimmer (page 25). ■

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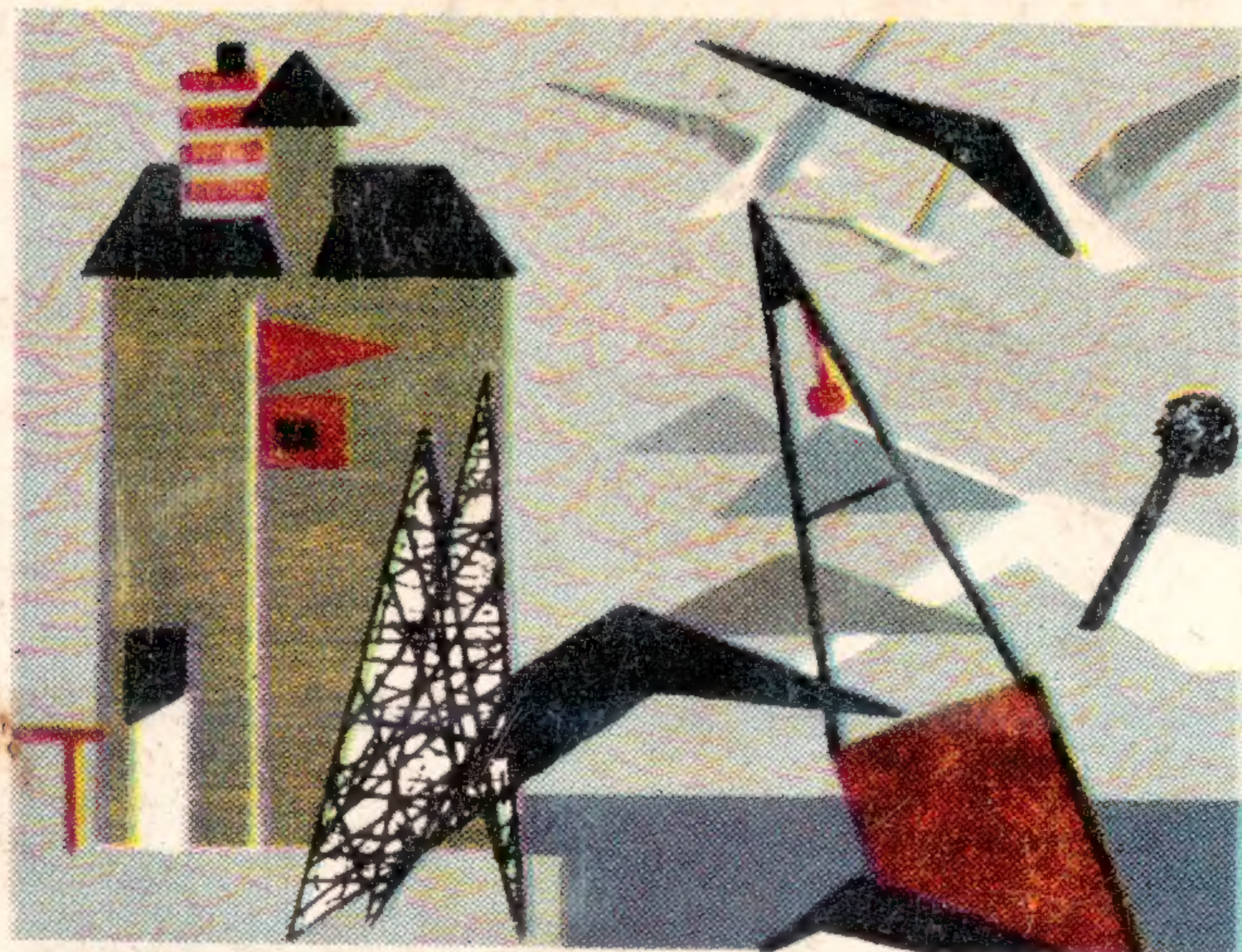
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Front cover—"Storm Warning," pattern of summer impressions of Cape Cod. Silk screened by 26-year-old veteran, John R. Clift, graduate of the School of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.

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